

For the Children

The Lily Bells
of Easter Morn.

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O lily bells of Easter,
Once more your music swells
Through all the wakening woodlands,
Through all the quiet dells!
No winter snow can hold you
Or mar your minstrelsy.
No silent snows enfold you
The spring has set you free.

O sacred, snowy beauty,
Our hearts wait sore and chill
To hear anew the story
Of good sprung out of ill!
O wondrous resurrection
Of flower from out the clod,
A censer, chime and chalice
To bear the peace of God!
—Youth's Companion.

Customs of Eastertide.

In nearly all Christian countries the recurrence of Easter has been celebrated with various ceremonies and popular sports and observances. Some of these customs are curious indeed. In the north of England you may still hear the old time:

Tid, mid and misera,
Carling, palm and Pasch egg day.

The first line refers to Christmas, the Epiphany and Lent. Carlings are steeped peas fried in butter, with pepper and salt, and eaten on midlent or mothering Sunday, as the fourth Sunday in Lent is sometimes called. Palm Sunday immediately precedes Passion week and is so called from the branches of palm trees strewn in our Saviour's path at the time of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Pasch eggs are Easter eggs boiled so hard that you can play at ball with them, dyed with various colors and often having inscriptions or landscapes traced upon them.

Easter eggs symbolize the resurrection. As one old writer says, "As the bird imprisoned within the shell comes to life and liberty at the appointed time, so did our Saviour on Easter morning burst the gates of the grave." The eggs were at first dyed scarlet, in memory of the blood of Christ shed upon the cross.

The Easter Rabbit.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, a nice, kind rabbit was walking along a quiet woodland road came across a fine, large nest filled with eggs. The poor mother hen had been seized by a wicked, wicked fox and could not go back to her darling nest and pure white eggs. So this kind rabbit slept all night upon the eggs, and when he awoke on Easter morning the nest was full of little downy chicks. The chickens thought that the rabbit was their own really, truly mother, so they cried for something to eat, and the rabbit ran about the field for food for them, and she fed them and kept them warm until their feathers grew and they were old enough to shift for themselves.

Ever since the little German children love the rabbit as the special Easter genius, and no German child's Easter is complete without this dear little animal.

Easter Egg Game.

When your friends come to play with you during the Easter holidays, select a leader. The leader stands in the center of a circle. Each player holds out his hands, palms upward, and upon each of them the leader places an Easter egg. The leader then goes around the circle, catching up the eggs in turn and trying to strike them upon the hands that hold them.

Each one tries to withdraw his hands before they are struck. The same leader continues until he is able to strike some one's hands, whereupon the victim must take his place. If one's hands are withdrawn and the egg falls to the ground because of a feat on the part of the leader it is as if his hands received the blow. At the end of the game the eggs can be eaten.

Tailors' Thimbles.

If you have ever noticed a tailor's thimble you must have observed that it is not like the one your mother or your sisters use, because it has no top. As there is a reason for everything, there is a reason for this.

The stuff your mother sews on is usually very light, and the needle is easily pushed through by pressing the top of the thimble against the needle. But tailors often have to sew very coarse and heavy material, and they cannot get enough pressure on the top of the thimble, so they use the side and therefore they have no use for a top.

A Riddle.

A feeling all persons detest,
Although 'tis by every one felt,
By two letters fully expressed,
By twice two invariably split?
Answer.—Envy (N. V.).

LANDING AT RAKAHANGA.

A Risky Feat and One That Sorely
Tries the Nerves.

Rakahanga is a little coral atoll in the south sea, not very far from New Zealand. Few people ever visit it, and to judge from the account in Mr. Frank Burnett's "Through Tropic Seas" of the difficulties that attend a landing there none would care to go a second time.

At Rakahanga the feeling is that only by a miracle can a safe passage be made through what, by a stretch of the imagination, is called the entrance to the lagoon. Imagine a once good entrance obstructed by a wall of coral rising to within a few feet of the surface of the water. This coral wall is built by that wonderful creature, the coral polyp. Over it break with inconceivable fury huge ocean billows that travel with the speed of race horses, lashing and churning the water into a milk white foam and with a deafening roar throwing the spray to such a height that it may be seen miles away.

The backwash of every breaker forms, on the outside of the wall of rock, a chasm fathoms deep, which is again filled up by the next rushing wave. To cross the abyss and reach the quiet shelter of the lagoon is a difficult task that the islander shows the greatest skill in surmounting.

His boat—a long, low, flat bottomed affair, built much like a halibut dory, manned usually by six paddlers besides the steersman—is brought to the very verge of the boiling cauldron, and there it is held till the opportune moment arrives. Since that sometimes does not occur for five or ten minutes the passenger has plenty of time to reflect upon his misdeeds, to survey the sublime scene and to wonder how in the world that fearful turmoil of water is to be crossed.

The delay does not tend to compress his nerves, but if he is observant he will notice that about every five or six minutes three giant billows in quick succession roll majestically in. When the last of the three has passed and the chasm has been filled up the paddlers give a frightful yell that terrifies the unsuspecting passenger almost to death, dig in their paddles and shoot the boat forward like an arrow from a bow.

Before the backwash can re-empty the chasm the boat is across. The passenger has hardly time to grasp how it is done before the paddlers have sprung to the reef and pulled the boat clear of the next roller, usually a small one.

In entering the lagoon the chief risk is that of an upset after crossing the chasm and a ducking in two or three feet of water, but on going out, if the boat does not reach the smooth water before the next succeeding swell breaks, woe-betide it and its crew, for nothing will prevent its being swamped and carried, with all hands, back into the awful abyss by the inrush of broken water, out of which only the strongest and most skillful swimmers can emerge.

The Truth About Icebergs.

Many existing theories regarding icebergs require modification. For instance, it has generally been believed that for every cubic foot of ice above water there are seven below, and a berg, therefore, that towers, say, 100 feet above the ocean level has a total height of 800 feet. Lieutenant Peary, the conqueror of the north pole, declares that this is not always the case. "It is true," he says, "that the heaviest portion of the berg is submerged, but it is wrong to say that seven-eighths of its height is under water. I have noted several instances where only two-thirds of a berg is submerged."—St. Nicholas.

A Quaint Notice.

Here is a copy of a notice that was posted up in an art exhibition in Tokyo: "No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in. If any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick and the like kind except his purse and is strictly forbidden to take with himself dog or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take care of himself from thievery."

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Why Shoes Have Tongues.

Every one that wears lace shoes knows that there is a tongue of leather under the place where the two sides of the shoe meet, but there is none in button shoes. Probably very few persons know that this is a comparatively modern idea and is not for the purpose of keeping the laces from hurting the instep, but is to keep out rain and snow. There would be no discomfort if the laces touched the sock, but no matter how closely a shoe may be laced up there is always a slight space which would allow rain to reach the stocking.—New York Sun.

Nature Provides.

As to the horror of death—this the spectators may have. But it is the rarest phenomenon for him who is about to die to "suffer" death. Immediately death impends, the end is almost invariably benignant and peaceful. What, indeed, is there in all the cosmos so composed and content as the face of the dead?—Medical Record.

Sights Unseen.

Smith (at the club)—Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything! The Scotch Member—Young man, did you ever have the D. T.'s? Smith—D. T.'s! Great Scott, no! The Scotch Member—Then you've seen nowt.—London Sketch.

A Queer Town.

"Who is the Nestor of the bar here?" "I don't believe we have one. I've never heard of any such thing hereabouts." "What! No Nestor of the bar? Say, what kind of a town is this?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Would Come Without Drawing.

"I drew to three twos last night and didn't fill." "Your wife ought to have dropped in; she'd have given you the deuce."—Town Topics.

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Natural shantung was used for the cover of this new parasol for use with Easter tailored costumes of mohair or worsted mixture. The parasol has a carved imitation ivory stick and a hem-stitched border of cream colored taffeta. Such sunshades are going to be very popular this spring.

She Never Looks Tired.

Kitty Gordon, the actress, has been called "the woman who never looks tired."

To explain her secret, "Just take a vacation every two or three weeks," she advises with a prankish little smile playing about her mouth, as though she was well aware of the reply she would receive. But before one has an opportunity to answer she adds quickly: "Yet it's not nearly so difficult as it sounds. By a vacation I mean a whole day's rest—luxurious rest. Just go away alone where you don't see a soul you know and take a sunny, warm room where you can bask. If you can afford it, take along heaps of gorgeous, sweet odored flowers. If you cannot, then a bit of your favorite perfume and one or two flowers. But flowers you must have. There is nothing in all the world so restful or so wonderfully soothing. Then read your favorite poems, browse in them, play, sing. Forget you ever had a worry. If your clothes hamper you cast them off and dress in a single little robe de nuit. Simply relax every strained little muscle in your face and body.

If you are fortunate enough, call in several little folks; be young again with them. When they want you to hide under a couch, hide under it even if you have to tip it over. It will take years from your age.

"I never fail to take this 'rest' cure ('sun' cure) every other Sunday. My stage work won't allow me to take them oftener. And, oddly, I never go into the country for my rest. I go to the city. There is too much temptation to go out of doors and romp in the country, and the result is that you don't allow yourself the delightful opportunity to relax that you desire. Then, too, in the city, away up in your apartment, you are isolated if you desire to be. You have but to leave word with the bellboy that you are 'out,' and not a soul knows otherwise. In the country every one knows whether you are in or out."

Coiffure For the Elderly Woman.

After sixty the arrangement and care of the hair are of prime importance, and as the face fades the hair should be made as beautiful as is possible.



SIMPLE AND DIGNIFIED HAIRDRESSING.

This hairdressing is simple and dignified. The hair is waved and parted, a hair transformation being used under the sides and back. The soft knot is made with a switch.

A Late Fad.

The girls are carrying their handkerchiefs in the handkerchief rings which their grandmothers used long ago. The ring is worn on the little finger, and the wisp of lawn and lace is threaded through it. Another revival in line with this is the bracelet with the pendant ring through which the handkerchief is drawn. Another conceit is the long chain with a little clip in the shape of a hand, which grips the handkerchief and holds it fast.

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